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OUTDOOR & INDOOR GAMES WITH 140p PARADE'S LATEST SPUNKY STUNNERS!

FEELING STICKY?

YOU WILL BE WHEN YOU GET TO GRIPS WITH ALL 140p PARADE'S HOTBITS!

Come & Swelter With Our Beautiful Belters Parading All Their Funky Talents!

PARADE SCOOP! PAGE THREE'S KIRSTEN IMRIE IN INTIMATE NEW REVEAL-ALL PICS!

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SPORT
STUNNA
PAULA
RECKONS
HER
SPANISH
SHAWL
WILL
NEVER
PALL!

What's more, it's always great to see a Sport Newspaper Stunna giving lucky Paraders the low-down on her funky, furry bits, ain't it? And if you see any topless titillators in Britain's most-talked-about newspaper who you'd like to see go the whole horny way in 140p Parade, just let us know. Like we've said before, we've got a hotline to Sport's page three discoveries!

Of course, that assumes you're a Sportman already, like most broadminded Paraders. But just in case you haven't discovered the daily uplift Daily Sport and Sunday Sport can provide, remedy that forthwith, even fifthwith, by handing your local newsagent the Sport reservation alongside fashion model, Paula (look out for her in those top mail order catalogues that her-indoors drools over) - today, if you know what's good for you.

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YES, I COULD DO WITH A BIT OF FUNKY FUN *EVERY* DAY OF THE WEEK, MR NEWSAGENT

So please reserve great-value 28p *Daily Sport* and sexsational *Sunday Sport* for me from the next issue onwards.

I shall collect/please deliver with my other, duller newspaper *(please delete as applicable).*

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....**DATE** .....

Hand this tear-off slip to your newsagent today *to be in on the saucy* Sport *action by this time* tomorrow!

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Nothing like an early Summer holiday before the hotel pool gets too polluted, and welcome back to lovely, lanky Paula Scott who paid for her two weeks out of the big bucks she got from her work on Britain's spiciest seven-day-a-week newspaper treat.
And while she well knows her 35-23-35 figure ain't gonna break any records in the boobs department, the way she moves with that shawl will stick in many a fella's mind (and his pants).

TELLY STAR (& MUCKY STRIPPER) EDWINA DOES IT FOR PARADERS!

Remember that exposé of blonde bombshell Edwina Shuttleworth's not-so-secret life as a sleazy stripper in Britain's sauciest newspaper, *Sunday Sport,* where she told Sunday Sport readers how she'd been on top telly show *This Morning* in their *Perfect Partners* slot but *not* told them about her life as a go-all-the-way £500 club stripper (which meant she made a very quick exit from the telly programme).

Well, here she is, Paraders, revealing her turn-on-talents-to-please for you lucky lusters, just in case you haven't caught this 20 year old Blackpool bombshell's mind-boggling live act which, *Sunday Sport* newspaper revealed, includes oral sex and lots more, when the occasion demands!

And if you'd like to see Edwina doing it all over again in a yet-wilder encore (she loves to shock over and over again does Edwina Shuttleworth), shuttle down to your newsagent to pick up the latest issue of Parade's sidekick, £1.95 *Sport* Magazine which showcases top Sport Newspaper stunnas galore going through the book, hairy bits and all!
And if your magman's already sold out of this funky new photo-packed four-weekly, simply hand him the priority reservation alongside late-night Lancashire sex sensation, Edwina!

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YES, LET ME SAVOUR TOP *SPORT* NEWSPAPER STUNNAS GOING THROUGH THE BOOK, MR NEWAGENT

Please get hold of naked star-studded *Sport* Magazine, just £1.95, for yours truly. Parade recommended it, so it must be good!

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....**DATE** .....

Hand this to your magman today to catch up with the action in saucy Sport *Magazine!*

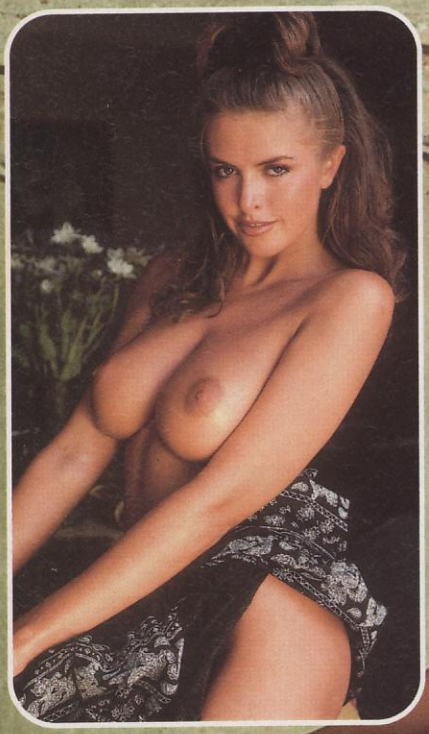
parade

KITTEN KIRSTIE ON THE KEYS!

PARADE SUMMER PICTURE SCOOP!

Betcha didn't know that curvy Page Three-er, Kirsten Imrie was also a wizard of the ivories! And here our favourite newspaper knockout (well, one of them, anyway!) serenades us all on the pianoforte in her extoic Summer hideyhole, before revealing her other, even more diverting assets in the music salon and then on the shady terrace in the evening sun.

What more delicious prelude could you have to a night of summer holiday action than this top glamourpuss at cocktail hour? Mind you, if you're like most flesh-mad Paraders, you'd end up spending another night *in* with Kirstie providing another virtuoso performance!



And don't forget, Parade plans to deliver many a top glamourpuss in close-up, furry funky bits and all, this summer (as many of'em as we can pull), and that's reason alone for making sure you never, ever miss 140p *Parade.*

So make sure you actually *reserve* raunchy Parade at your newsagent or, if that's easier said than done, become a V.I.P.P. instantly (that's short for Very Important Postal Parader), by shipping the slip alongside girl of many parts (all of them delicious) Kirstie. That means Parade will make its own way to your bedside, leastways your letterbox, come rain or shine in future *plus* details of all sorts of special offers, discounts, perks and privileges strictly for unshockable V.I.P.Ps only, that we dare not go into detail about here!

parade

YES, MAKE ME A V.I.P.P. INSTANTLY!
I wanna keep in touch with all Parade's naked star scoops, and please ship me the next 10 issues of Parade (securely sealed, of course). I enclose just £20 to include post and packing throughout.
Also keep me fully updated on special perks, offers and privileges for Very Important Postal Paraders only. I am 18 years or over.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

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.....**DATE** .....

Mail this soonest *to V.I.P.P. Suite Parade Box 171 London E.11* **parade**

PARADE 'RAW RECRUITS' SPECIAL: FUR-FREE FATIMA FROM FULHAM!

What with our poolside pickups and naked new dates on the beach this month, Parade's hard put to make space for many eager-to-please amateurs, readers' wives and first-time flashers.
But male shavinist pigs, guys who really rate young lovelies who depilate, would never forgive today's greatest 140 penn'orth if we held over hair-free Fatima here from Fulham till next month. ▶

YEWS, I CAN HANDLE A TORRENT OF PUBE FREE TURN-ONS AT BARGAIN PRICE
To: Shaven Ravers Bargain Introductory Offer, Box 177, London E11
Please rush me the latest issue of all-colour Shaven Ravers plus three recent back issues for just a tenner £10 enclosed).
I am 18 years or over.
NAME & ADDRESS.....
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DATE.....
Hurry! Stocks of bestselling bygone Shaven Ravers can't last forever!

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TRINE'S SECRET SUMMER DIARY FOR PARADERS!

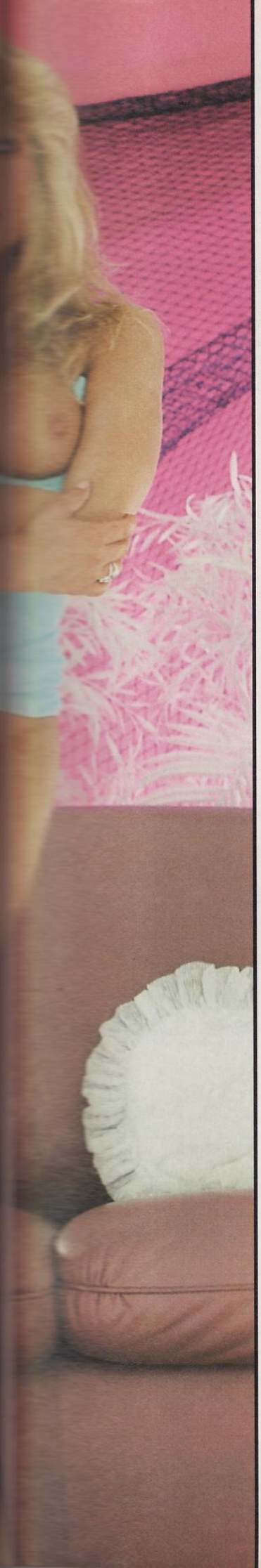
THESE ARE SOME OF MY FAVOURITE SUMMER KINKS By Ex-Miss Denmark!

Whatever the temperature's like outside, yours is sure to soar when you plunge into Parade's regular sex diarist, Trine Michelson's latest scorching revelations.

Yes, each and every month, Scandinavian raver Trine lays it all on the line for lucky, unshockable Paraders and this time round, she takes us all on a torrid summer trip to Memory Island, recalling some of the kinkiest close encounters she's had in the heat of bygone summers.

Call them perverted if you like, but Trine's bygone lovers definitely did the trick for ex-Miss Denmark, Trine one way or another, as she does for aural sensation-seekers who update themselves on our Great Dane's latest dirty doings (and undoings) on her new Trine Hotline 0338 418 905.

So if you're not utterly drained after sharing our Baltic bombshell's total recall when it comes to guys (and girls) with oddball desires, lend an ear to our international bedhopper and jetsetter too, any time of the day or night!



'He said I could watch, if I liked'

No doubt about it, Summer's real fun time for sexually active ladies. Sweaty knickers, sunburnt nipples, sandy fannies...who could ask for anything more?

It's still my favourite time of year, though - the only chance you get in Europe (or at least most of it) to wear short, short skirts and tight, tight tops without looking cheap and tarty. What's more, if you play your cards right girls, you can indulge your very *wildest* fantasies!

Take my friend Monica, for example, the girl I lived with when I first hit these shores as a Summer student back in 1987. She lived in what was originally a wonderful old Victorian boarding house on the Esplanade at Bognor in Sussex and was - still is, come to that - a very stylish and classy lady.

Although not a lesbian in the strictest sense, it was Monica who turned me on to the joys of bisexual parties - for which her huge, rambling house might have been custom-built.

Despite its proximity to the town centre, Monica's pile had the additional benefit of a large, yet totally secluded walled garden. With its lush lawns and dense clusters of rhododendron, it saw more than its fair share of sexual mayhem.

As an eighteen-year-old Danish girl fresh off the bacon ferry, my pert teenage physique instantly endeared me to Monica's clique of sexual degenerates.

Not that I was forced or in any way coerced to attend her notorious sex soirees. I had my own room, I'd just enrolled at the local Summer school, so there was nothing to indicate that I was anything but another exchange student, over for the Summer hols.

Nobody, not even Monica, knew that I was already a veteran of seven hard porn Danish videos. And hovering on the verges of pathological nymphomania, besides!

It was very late one sweltering Saturday night, at the height of one of Monica's more uproarious parties just after I'd arrived that I was sitting up in bed reading (good little student that I was trying to be) when I received an unexpected visitor.

His name was Harold, so he told me. He was old, he was fat and he was drunk...and looking for a toilet. I pulled the covers up around my bare titties and pointed to the lavatory in the hall right next door. He told me I could watch if I liked, and I told him not to be disgusting and to get the hell out of my room.

He soon came back, not even having bothered to zip up. He totally ignored my repeated command to go away and plonked himself down beside me on the bed.

'Tell me, young lady,' he enquired, 'Do you like horses?'

'Sure I like horses,' I said worriedly, 'Why do you ask?'

'Because I've got some horsey photographs you might like to see,' he blurted, fumbling in his pocket. 'Here, tell me what you think.'

I took one look, then turned away utterly disgusted. The girl was wearing nothing but stockings and rubber riding boots. How *could* she? And quite a pretty girl, too...

'Here, don't you want to stroke *my* little horsey?' my unwelcome visitor asked.

I looked down to see that his flaccid, floppy cock had swollen into an enormous, dribbing erection. Yanking back the covers to expose my breasts, the fat man then grabbed my hand and squeezed my fingers around the base of his disgustingly veinous shaft. That's when I hollered for help.

All of a sudden the door flew open and there, silhouetted against the stark white light of the corridor, stood surely the most frightening female in the world, a sexual Valkyrie of about fifty years old in nothing but thigh length boots and a porno-style, wasp waist corset.

Her dugs dangled down to her navel, her black hair was raked harshly back across her scalp and plaited, and in one hand she held a huge black dildo, in the other, a bullwhip.

'Harold!' she bellowed, 'How dare you fuck around behind my back?'

And then, clocking my slim, girlish contours and noticeably mellowing her tone, 'And who might you be, my dear?'

Strange as it may seem, there was something about this blowsy old slapper which aroused my more basic instincts. So that, when she pulled back the covers (without so much as a by-your-leave), climbed on to the bed and proceeded to kiss me from head to toe and all the way back again, I offered not the slightest resistance. And I completely lost sight of fat old Harold who had somehow receded into the shadows.

When the old biddy's tongue hit my clit, I sighed a lustful sigh and spread my thighs wide, splaying my puss with my fingertips to give her access to my sexual entirely.

And while she dribbled into my open gash, so Harold, presumably her husband (now back from the shadows!) bonked her from the rear, first with the dildo, then with the black leather whip handle.

'Now Betty, how do you like that, and *that!*' he burbled as he really gave her what for.

I hardly had time to recover from the flurry of tongue-induced orgasms before horny Harold, tired of fucking his dominatrix wife, gave me his cock to suck. I'd never been down on a man of that great age and I absolutely hated the way he squeezed my titties while I gobbled him.

'Goodness, child, you're an amateur!' said fat Betty uncharitably, 'It's bottom-smacking time, Harold - hold her over my lap!'

The ensuing commotion attracted Monica, who figured she was doing the decent thing by turfing Betty and Harold out of my bedroom and apologising profusely for their unwarranted intrusion.

'I appreciate your concern, Monica,' I said with a giggle, 'But I was nearly coming.'

'Hmmm,' said Monica reflectively, eyeing my sexually disevelled condition, 'Perhaps there's more to you than meets the eye.'

And she could say that again!

Coincidentally, it was through Monica's depraved clique that I first met Arnie, a beautiful blond Berliner of about 30, with a thing about leather and sexual domination.

Arnie and I were never going to be the Romance of the Century, but we hit it off in the sack, all right: or to be more specific, *out* of the sack, because Arnie and

▷

'I'm just a common tart,' I continued'

TRINE'S SECRET SUMMER DIARY FOR PARADERS!

from page 29

I shared a mutual fondness for sex in the great outdoors.

Arnie, who taught at a local college, lived a few miles down the coast from Monica, at Rottingdean, just outside Brighton, in a big white Thirties-type house which backed directly onto the Sussex Downs.

Arnie was weird - seriously weird (I'd soon found that out at Monica's parties). So that on Midsummer's Eve 1988 (which coincided with a full moon) you'd have found us walking under the stars, more than a mile from the safety and sanctity of his comfortable house, naked beneath our hot and sweaty black PVC raincoats!

An odd couple, indeed - not that the Downs were exactly overrun with mad, midnight ramblers!

'Here will do,' he said, unbuttoning my raincoat. 'Get in.'

The month-long drought had turned Deans Pond into an evil-smelling algae-covered quagmire. I felt distinctly foolish, naked but for my shoes and black stockings, testing the temperature with the tip of my toe. After all, what did he *want* of me this time.

The question was immediately answered. Without warning, Arnie pushed me so hard I lost my balance and toppled into the mud. And that was where I remained, effectively glued into the all-fours position, by the amazingly powerful suction effect of the warm, black, maladorous mud.

Then the splashing started - a warm bubbly trickle, aimed first at the back of my neck, then slowly down my spine until, directly over my arse and pussy, it turned into a lukewarm cascade...

'How do you like it, eh Trine?' leered Arnie as he stood over me, holding the source of my humiliation between his legs. 'My aim is spot on, yes?'

'I...spread my thighs wide'

I'd bought that champagne at *great* espense on the drive to Arnie's and I was really pissed-off at having it wasted over my bum and cunny.

But there was no time for anger. Tossing his raincoat aside, Arnie splashed down into the mud beside me and commenced plastering my naked body with huge handfuls of stinking slime.

Then, struggling to get into position behind my still-clean bottom, he jiggled his knob into position between my tender pink flaps and gently eased himself into my girly-tight quim.

He *adored* my tightness, did Arnie. Sometimes I made him so hot for the pleasures of my thighs, I'd have him dribbling uncontrollably from the corners of his mouth. Arnie was disgusting, but he was hung like a horse and vastly experienced in all matters sexual.

'You dirty little fuckpig!' he grunted, clutching my tits and slamming his length right up to the neck of my womb, 'Now tell me why I never make you pregnant!'

'Simple,' I said with a chuckle, as I felt him suddenly stiffen inside me, 'Because I never let you shoot up me *too* deep!'

So saying, I flopped forward into the mud - a classic belly flop - and what felt like an enormous wad of semen erupted over me. With much Teutonic effing and blinding, Arnie now collared me, jamming his face into my buttock-cleft and slobbering over my poor overworked pussy. As I say, he was a disgusting individual, although anything but a selfish lover...

'Good, mein leibling?' he gasped.

'As ever, Arnie, as ever,' I purred.

Describing that literally filthy night under the stars with my German lover puts me in mind of a far gentler Summer seaside relationship I enjoyed, albeit briefly, with Michael, an antiques dealer with two shops in The Lanes, Brighton.

On the face of things he was just one of a long line of English boys I worked my way through, but for a while it looked as though our relationship *might* be something special. We had common interests, the same wacky sense of humour, and sexually we hit it off right from the very first night.

The downside was, Michael went all gooey over me. He took to phoning me at college and sending me chocolates and flowers. Worse still, he became possessive, accusing me of having scenes with guys behind his back and phoning me up in the early hours of the morning to see if I had company.

The silly thing about it was, for the first time in my life I *wasn't* fooling around. In fact, I was so pre-occupied with getting on with learning English and progressing in the modelling world, there simply weren't enough hours in the day for another man. Even if I'd had the inclination, which I didn't.

He was his own worst enemy was Michael. The day I decided he had to go, he burst into photographer Rex Kay's studio when I was doing a porn shoot, and threw an incredibly embarrassing tantrum.

We met that night at a bar on the sea front and I told him I figured it was best we went our own separate ways. Michael said he loved me and then, in another of his alarming mood changes, he said he'd kill me if I went with someone else.

So I decided to change tactics. I'd been unfaithful to him right from the start, I lied. I told him I'd fucked and sucked every eligible male in Brighton!

In fact, I continued, had he arrived in Rex's studio an hour earlier, he'd have found me with a cucumber up my cunt, posing for really filthy magazines, with two of Rex's pals' cocks in my mouth.

'So you're completely wasting your time with *me*,' I continued.

In fact, I was getting so heavily into my sexual power trip, a damp patch was starting to form in the crotch of my panties. This was more like it "Trine the Queen Bitch" at play!

And then, as Michael and I headed down the King's Steps on to the sands, I spotted a lone fisherman, silhouetted on the shoreline by the moonlight.

'Frankly, Michael, I'm just a common tart,' I continued. 'Look, I'll give you a demonstration if you like.'

As Michael stood at the foot of the steps, I approached the fisherman, a reasonably attractive guy in his late thirties and offered him sex. Pure and simply. Just like that!

'Sure, but I haven't got any money,' was his reaction.

'It's all right,' I reassured him, 'I'm not on the game, I'm just randy. Come under the pier with me for a minute.'

'Who's that guy over there?' asked the fisherman. ▷

'She helped me into the harness dildo'

ON THE HOTLINE FROM HER SUMMER JUNGLE LAIR - JULIE ALLEN!

No need to leave your darkened room to get the full sweaty benefits of life in the steamy jungle when you share this new very close encounter with juicy jetsetter, intrepid explorer and would-be Tarzan's Jane, Julie Allen feeling all hot and sticky, raunchy and restless in her steaming jungle lair! Phew! What a scorcher Julie is, at home or being wayward in the lush undergrowth, and what a pity Parade can't give you her phone number. On the other hand, it'll set you back a lot less to have steam-heat fun on adults-only hotter-than-hotlines *nearer* home - we're talking about the raging nymphos who share their excessive desires with unshockable callers on 36p-a-minute (48p peak times) numbers from Scancall like 0338 418 983 and 0338 416 527.
So after this latest encounter with untamed junglelover Julie, who just *had* to be Parade's Crowdpuller this time round, get those digits of yours dialling - if you're not totally drained, of course!

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Paradce
Crowdpuller
JULIE ALLEN
parade

PARADE ALWAYS GETS POSTCARDS FROM OUR BOSOM CHUMS!

Like we told you last month, Paradames get to spread their talents all round the world at this time of the year.,
And here's a funky foursome making sure their pretty heads are protected from the relentless Spanish sun, but risking sunburn in all their other delectable ins-and-outs!
Still, their lack of caution means thrills galore from Vida, Kathie Shannon and their bosom chums for toasted crumpet-fanciers like yourself. And we can't wait for more updates on this curvy quartet's peregrinations (rush to your dictionary, Paraders).
And don't forget, our titillating travellers don't just bare their tantalising titbits in Parade: they're also sending raunchy picture postcards to our chums at new-look Titbits Magazine, which revels in sun-soaked sensations, especially at this sweaty time of the year.
So make sure you know the score when it comes to the sexy secrets of Titbits for men which goes from strength to strength every month. What's more, it weighs in at the same low, low price as Parade.
Look out for Titbits at your Parade magazinerie (if it's not sold out yet again) or hand your newsagent the Titbits reservation alongside our sweaty sweeties if you can't see it on his tempting topshelf.
Just one thing to remember when it comes to trouser-arousing new Titbits: once Titbitten, you could be forever smitten!

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YES, LET ME DISCOVER THE SIZZLING SUMMER SECRETS OF NEW-LOOK 140p TITBITS, MR NEWSAGENT

Please get hold of the next issue of 140p new-look *Titbits* for men for me, Mr Magman. I am 18 years or over. It's distributed by Seymour.

NAME .....

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No need to travel further than your local newsagent for mega-turn-on from 140p Titbits, *fellas!*

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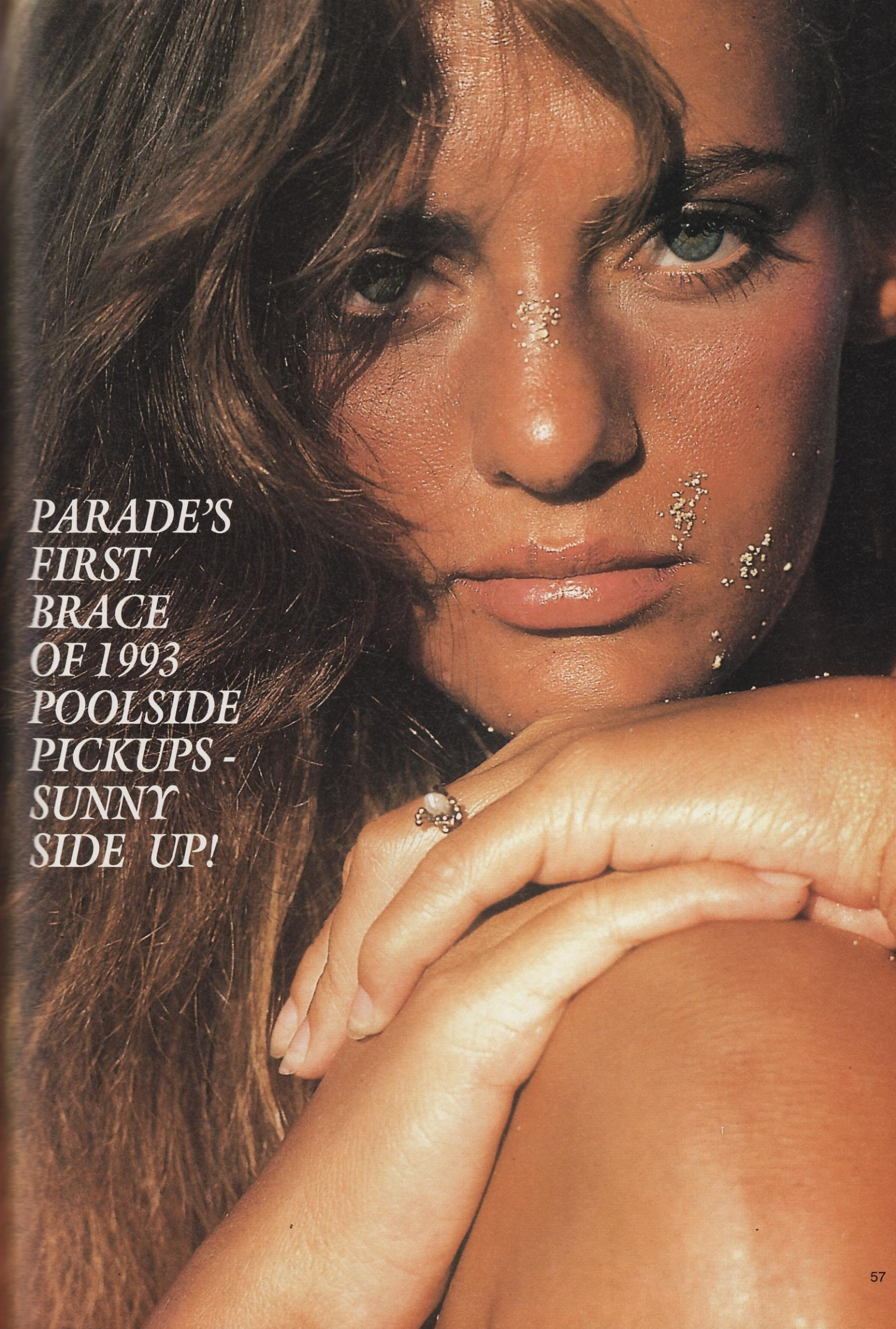
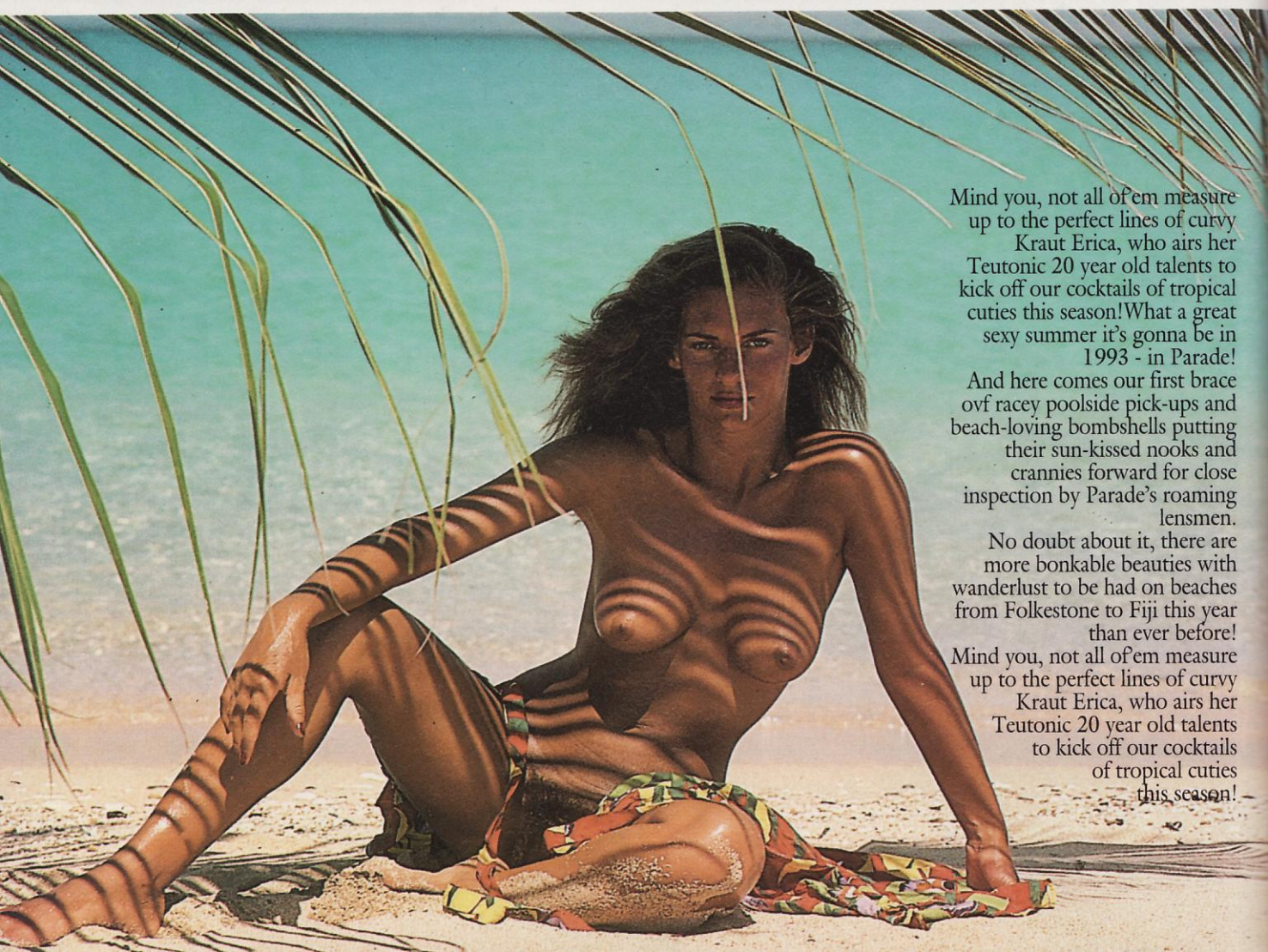

PARADE'S
FIRST
BRACE
OF 1993
POOLSIDE
PICKUPS -
SUNNY
SIDE UP!

What a great sexy summer it's gonna be in 1993 - in Parade! And here comes our first brace ovf racey poolside pick-ups and beach-loving bombshells putting their sun-kissed nooks and crannies forward for close inspection by Parade's roaming lensmen.No doubt about it, there are more bonkable beauties with wanderlust to be had on beaches from Folkestone to Fiji this year than ever before!



Mind you, not all of'em measure up to the perfect lines of curvy Kraut Erica, who airs her Teutonic 20 year old talents to kick off our cocktails of tropical cuties this season!What a great sexy summer it's gonna be in 1993 - in Parade!
And here comes our first brace ovf racey poolside pick-ups and beach-loving bombshells putting their sun-kissed nooks and crannies forward for close inspection by Parade's roaming lensmen.
No doubt about it, there are more bonkable beauties with wanderlust to be had on beaches from Folkestone to Fiji this year than ever before!
Mind you, not all of'em measure up to the perfect lines of curvy Kraut Erica, who airs her Teutonic 20 year old talents to kick off our cocktails of tropical cuties this season!

YES, I CAN HANDLE NEARLY 500 PAGES OF FUNKY PARADE FUN AT A BARGAIN PRICE!

So please rush me your amazing Parade Six-Pack: the last six issues of Parade for just £5.95 *including* sealed packing and postage (work out that great discount for yourself, thrill-seekers). I am 18 years or over.

NAME .....

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Our back issues stack is going down at the speed of lust, so mail this today to:
Parade Back Issues Offer
Box 171
London E.11 parade

BACK ON THE JOB, JUG-GERNAUT NINA!

Okay, we give in, all you fanatical whopper-worshippers and mammary maniacs.

Here comes Hampshire cleavage queen Nina Bridger back on the job for all you boobophiles who've demanded more, more, more to get your teeth into, from this toothsome 20 year old titillator!

And it's good to see thos 40 inchers are holding up well, especially as Nina tells us she's just put them through the mill, so to speak, making the kinky fantasies of very demanding weirdos come true.

Nina, you see, stars in the latest issue of uncensored *Adult Fantasy* Magazine which is devoted to putting the photo-flesh on its readers' secret wet dreams.

And you can just imagine what guys with really mucky imaginations want the game-for-nearly-anything stars of *Adult Fantasy* to get up to (and down to!) So why not check out *Adult Fantasy* to see if that sleazy dream of *yours* can come true - and if *Adult Fantasy* is too explicit for your locale, simply exploit the confidential sampler offer alongside our top-heavy repeater, oh-so-nibbly Nina!

parade

YES, LET ME SEE IF NINA & HER CHUMS CAN MAKE MY MUCKY DREAMS COME TRUE!

To: Adult Fantasy Sampler Offer/Box 171/London E.11

Please rush me the latest issue of new, uncensored *Adult Fantasy* Magazine for which I enclose just £5 to include sealed packing and postage. I am 18 years or over.

NAME .....

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parade

SUMMER OR NOT, *JO* LOVES *INDOOR* FUN'N'GAMES!

No sun, sea, sand and sex for gorgeous ex-Paradame, Jo Guest yet, this agile 20 year old born in Preston but now living and lusting it up in The Smoke, is far too busy having lots of fun *indoors*.
Jo guesses quite correctly that black sussies and stockings are just as much of a turn-on come Winter *or* Summer, so that's how we come across this ex-Paradame ringing the sexy changes since her last parade in oh-so-virginal white.
Yes, laid back Gemini Jo loves dressing for sex, hence her sexy little Ann Summers numbers designed to put you in just the right mood to handle all the glamourpusses parading their pouting parts in upcoming Parade.

Yes, there's a fantastic Summer cocktail coming your way in just four weeks' time *plus* details of amazing giveaways, cometitions and summer bonuses for lucky Paraders.
So be there or be square, flesh-fiends - and if you're one of the lucky ones getting your fill of holiday thrills, make sure your newsagent *keeps* better-than-ever, bolder-than-ever *Parade* 205 for you, by handing him the slip alongside return Parade guest, Jo Guest.
In fact, you'd better do that anyway before the riff-raff grab every copy of Britain's fastest growing four-weekly for real men

P.S. Keep your pecker up, come rain and shine, *between* now and your next must-see Parade by trying *these* new aural thrillers for size: 0338 418 975 and 0338 418 983, just 36p-a-minute (48p peak times). Parade hears they're real ear-benders!

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